

Rev. S. Lane.

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THE FROST SPIRIT.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—You may trace his footsteps now, On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown hill's withered bough, He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their pleasant green come forth, And the winds which follow wherever he goes, have shaken them down to the earth.

He comes—he comes—the frost Spirit comes!—from the frozen Labrador— From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear wanders o'er— Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms below, In the sunless cold of the atmosphere into marble statues grow!

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—on the rushing Northern blast, And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful breath went past, With an uncouth wing as he hurried on, where the fires of Hecla glow On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—and the quiet lake shall feel The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the skater's heel; And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang to the leaning grass, Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful silence pass.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—let us meet him as we may, And turn with the light of the parlor fire his evil power away; And gather closer the circle round, when that fire light dances high.

And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding wing goes by!

FRENCH CORRESPONDENCE.

France—Singular State of Political Affairs and Opinions. Roman Catholic Influence Growing—Religious Liberty. Waning—Case of Mr. Pilatte—Some faint indications of an interior leaven in the Roman Catholic Church.

Mr. Editor:—Truly we live in extraordinary times. The preacher says: "There is no new thing under the sun," (Ecccl. 1: 9), but although the fact be not new, there is something new in the way in which they are received and judged of by men, in consequence of experience acquired in preceding times. We experience this, at present, in France, in a curious and remarkable manner. We are passing again through a series of events, which bear a considerable analogy to those which marked the end of last century. But there is this great difference—that instead of being taken unawares, like the generation of 1789, we are taught by the experiments which that generation made; and as these experiments are so recent as to have, for us, the character of a contemporaneous and almost personal warning, the present development presents something foreseen, at least, as possible. The Bourbons of the Orleans branch provoked revolution, as those of the elder branch had done, by drawing the reins of authority until they broke in their hands; and however sudden the thunder-clap of the 24th February, many persons, without pretending to be prophets, had announced an overturn of some kind, as the natural consequence of the old king's inflexibility. The heads of the Provisional Government thought of a Republic, only because France had been republican; and the moderate majority of them tried and succeeded, during the several first months, in avoiding bloodshed, only because the excesses of the first revolution had inspired them with a salutary fear in which the sound part of the population shared. And now that the insurrection of June, and the well known schemes of Socialism, have substituted in place of the ruling prepossession for *liberty*, the ruling prepossession for *order*, here is a Napoleon, who has been placed at the head of the nation by a greatly divided majority, but united in the secret desire of overturning the Republic. This Napoleon is generally supposed to have a mind to be made emperor, on which he never would have thought, but for the example of his uncle. This supposition has gained strength in the public mind, since the change of the ministry, and the President's message of the 31st October; insomuch that the uncle having reached supreme power by a master piece of policy, (*un coup d'état*), every body expects a *coup d'état* on the part of the nephew. Conversation, journals, all is full of this question: Will there be a *coup d'état*? or, Will the *coup d'état* take place? Will it be on the 10th December, the anniversary of the President's election? &c. We happen to be in that singular position, in which the greatest events, in some measure, are foreseen, and discussed beforehand. Hence it follows, that by every body taking his measures likewise beforehand, either for or against the foreseen event, the facts are less violent, the angles are less salient, the fates are less weighty, the time of every thing is less tedious—and we see the past as if in a kind of miniature, re-appearing. What I say of France, might be readily extended to the whole of Europe, where the revolutions of 1848 have been suppressed in 1849, only because the experiments of last century gave courage to the governments, and frightened the populations. But, what do we know? Perhaps 1848 and 1849 are but the prelude of a new era. Perhaps, having once reached the end of the experiments of the preceding generation, as few months as they cost it, we shall see things altogether new rising upon us—new at least to contemporaries; and then only the real destinies of this wonderful era, in which God has given us to live, will be unfolded.

In the midst of our great political anticipations, religious affairs follow the same course, which I indicated to you in my preceding letters, and run more and more in that direction. The influence of the Roman Catholic clergy continues to increase. A decree of the President of the Republic has just decided that there shall no longer be required of candidates for the degree of *Bachelor of Literature*, certificates of study, proving that they have studied in the establishments for instruction supported by the State. This measure, good in itself, might have been understood to be for the interest of liberty; but Mr. Farriau, the new minister of Public Instruction has taken care to make it understood, that its chief design is to give liberty to the colleges supported by the Roman clergy, to send their pupils to the colleges of the State.

At the same time, Mr. Pilatte, of whom I have already spoken to you more than once, has just undergone a new condemnation on account of the meetings which he held in one of the populous quarters of Paris. As these had at first been condemned, as presenting the characters of a *club*, and not of a *religious meeting*,

Mr. Pilatte had taken care, this time, to introduce religious singing and prayer, in order to establish undeniably their religious character; for the new law promulgated by the Constitution of 1848, more liberal than the preceding, expressly stipulates, that the provisions of the law against clubs, "are not applicable to meetings having for their object the exercise of any worship whatsoever." Notwithstanding this precaution, Mr. Pilatte was condemned a second time, first in the correctional police court; next by a superior court, called the *Appellate Court*, to which he had appealed, and from which he has just appealed to the supreme court, called the *Court of Cassation*. It is to be feared that the *Court of Cassation* may confirm the sentence of the *Appellate Court*; and yet it would have a consideration of very weighty fact for quashing it. Here follows what took place.

The advocate who defended Mr. Pilatte before the *Appellate Court*, Mr. Flaudin, a member of the Legislative Assembly—thanks to the present perspicuity of the law (*textes*)—had no longer to oppose equity to jurisprudence, as obliged to do before the revolution; the success of the cause behoving to depend on the clear establishment of facts, that is, their clear establishment in the eyes of the judges, to which all their efforts ought to have been directed.

The *Appellate Court*, notwithstanding the request of Mr. Pilatte, had refused permission to subpoena witnesses; the advocate renewed his request to the court, that they might be allowed a hearing, and took conclusions to that effect. The appeal, indeed, could terminate in the rectification of the first sentence only on condition of its being sufficiently proved, that the incriminated meetings were real meetings for worship. Mr. Flaudin rested on the written minutes or process, the terms of which he quoted; he quoted the testimony given to the religious character of Mr. Pilatte by those who were acquainted with him; he declared to the court, that he took pains to interrogate honorable men, who had been present at the meetings, and that they assured him, there were prayers at them, hymns, reading the *Gospel*, and preaching; if this be not religious worship, what is it? A Catholic paper, *The Voice of Truth*, in an article addressed to Mr. Pilatte's doctrines, nevertheless, acknowledged that his meetings had no other object. After having thus accumulated proofs, Mr. Flaudin once more tried to obtain the consent of the court to hear witnesses. They referred to deliberate on it, and on resuming their seats, they gave judgment, by which, declaring themselves at present sufficiently instructed, they confirm the sentence of the first judges.

You may imagine the astonishment with which this summary justice was received by the numerous crowd present, which the importance of this trial had attracted. They expected simply to see the difficulty avoided; Mr. Pilatte had not been permitted to add anything as yet to the pleas of his advocate; and yet the manner in which the presiding judge had questioned him, showed that there were prejudices in the mind of the Court, which it was important to have removed. Thus, when Mr. Pilatte spoke of his church, the presiding judge exclaimed: "A church of your own making!" The public ministers, likewise, assuming the posture of judges of Mr. Pilatte's religious tenets, had censured him for having touched some points of controversy in his sermons, and as they expressed themselves, "for having uttered sacrilegious language, which could not be tolerated by good people."

All this is not religious liberty. It falls exceedingly short of it.

Meanwhile, at the side of recrudescence of Roman Catholicism, there are observable, in its bosom, some feeble germs of interior reform. Inferior clergy try to free themselves from the heavy yoke of the bishops. I told you some years ago, of the efforts made in this direction, by two priests, (who were brothers,) of the name of Allignol, in the South. An Abbe named Chantome has just exposed himself to the displeasure of his bishop, by announcing his intention to publish a journal, the tendency of which is doubted by the episcopate. Thus far Chantome stands firm, notwithstanding the dissatisfaction of his bishop. Will he persevere to the end? or, like the brothers Allignol, will he yield? The future will inform us. Be it as it may, all these attempts reveal the presence of an inferior leaven, which sooner or later, (to use a homely comparison,) cannot fail to raise the dough.—Presbyterian.

For the Herald and Journal.

A VISIT TO THE HERALD OFFICE.

To all the Readers and Patrons of the Herald, a Merry Christmas.—

I have called upon you on this morning to fulfil my promise, by taking you on an excursion to *Cornhill*, in the great city of Boston. Albeit you in the country are in a condition much more comfortable than you could be in this hub-hub. As we have no snow, and the sound of the "merry bells" is not heard, we must e'en take the whistling winds; and now methinks I see a gathering, grave and gay, upon the splendid Common; just as the summons found them, are they hurried off, from the shop and the warehouse, and counting-room from the farm, from lowing herds and bleating flocks, from the close and stifled room, carpeted and curtained off, from the old kitchen, whose sanded floor is white as the snows without, and the big fire-place, where burns and crackles the huge "Christmas log"—from the heads of whose back rises high above the heads of the happy urchins, cracking nuts and reading Christmas cards; from hill and dale and mountain and prairie, come the readers of the Herald, for a Christmas call upon the premises of the *Zion's Herald*.

How long since the "office in Congress St." was vacated and one founded in "Cornhill," the writer of "this present" saith not, and it matters little. *Cornhill* was "erewhile" a magnificent cornfield; the soil rich and having a *cant* to the sun-rising, it must have produced "tall corn;" and the crookedness of the street arose from the wayward disposition of the cows of yore, in passing from the lower part of the city Common, which erst was the common pasture. And indeed it is but a short time since that the now centre of the city, was out of the *city*. Pardon this rambling. We pass from the Common down Tremont Street, to the head of Cornhill, and sweeping down that bustling way, we reach the mysterious Number 7—and, look you, friends, those fellows filling the doorway and puffing cigar smoke in our faces, are not porters, nor servants in livery, as the establishment cannot afford to keep such help, but are the drivers of the South Boston line of omnibuses. As the company is too poor to hire an

office, the drivers monopolise the entry of the Herald Office. Softly now, and we pass up one flight of stairs, turn short to the right, and we are in the "office of Zion's Herald." Do not be alarmed, reader, you are among gentle spirits—and now for an introduction: you see before you a picket fence some four feet high; on this side is the court of the people, beyond is the place of the *genius loci*; "Brother Rand, your 40,000 readers—40,000 readers, your friend Rand." The agent of the Herald is a man about thirty-five years of age, standing six feet in his slippers, with a head which Fowler would call "a right good one," and a countenance indicative of good nature, with a liberal sprinkling of mirthfulness; he is shrewd, active and conscientious, with decision enough to prevent waste of time in deliberation, and firmness sufficient to command a *negative* to advance, if not to order a battalion to charge bayonet. His business tact is seldom exceeded, and is well exercised in keeping order all the complicated matter of superintending and publishing this great sheet. Our worthy agent is also a practical *printer*, and knows the p's and q's of a printing office, and he has become the *publisher* of the Herald, as well as the agent. Our worthy brother has just come from the Post Office, and you see his hands full of letters. Now friends, dispose yourselves about the room as well as you can, only keep out of the way—fill that short settee there, jump upon the table, hang on a nail, anywhere, only keep out of the way; the great scarcity of seats here is a standing notice, "no room for loafers." Ha, the long, good natured man is grumbling at something he sees in a letter: "Please stop my paper;" he very quickly looks over his shoulder, and calm as a summer morning, says to our fine little friend Benjamin, who is posting the books at a high desk, inside the fence, "Stop Peter Portfire's paper."

"That's cool!" I hear some of you exclaim; but you should know the circumstances: now the fact is, Peter Portfire is only one out of 8,000 subscribers, and he cannot be singled out from among others; he is one of the atoms comprising the globe, and if one of them should rebel and "step out," the ball will still roll round, and the sun shine, and the stars glimmer, and the dews distil, just as of yore; so with the paper, though he concludes to withdraw: the *Herald* will not smash her crockery, upset her cook-stove, and give up house-keeping; O no, she will run on as usual. But the fact was, there were some five hundred delinquent subscribers on the agent's books, and they are to be written to; but it is a great task to write so many letters, and so the agent writes one, and off they go, all alike. Now there is a great difference in the cases treated, but the medicine is one, like Mrs. Squiers' sulphur and treacle, (perhaps you are at fault now, but if you are not acquainted with that celebrated teacher of youth you lose nothing,) and some it kills and some cures. Now it so happened, that our friend Peter, albeit his name indicates his liability to explosion, was one of the best patrons of the *Herald*, and, prompt as he is explosive; he had paid up to some one of the preachers, who act as agents, and the money had not as yet been forwarded; and so the *Herald* loses a good subscriber and his children a good paper, by a misfortune of the difficulties attending the management of a concern so complicated as a newspaper publishing office: but Peter will come back, no doubt, when you tell him on your return home what wonderful things you saw in the *Herald* office.

But our long friend in glasses has broken a second seal, and as the *Almanac* makers say, "look out for a storm about these days." Hark, he reads, "Fond-du-lac, Wisconsin, Oct. 3d, 1849. My dear Bro. Rand:—I shall esteem it a great favor if you would inform me by letter whether the New Hymn Book is yet out, and also what round hogs are *fetching* in your market, and if there is any call for shovel handles, and—"jump aside there, the poor, tortured agent is coming towards the stove!

He opens another: "Mr. Editor:—If the following lines on—" Now that letter, friends, should have been directed to the *editor*, not the agent, for the latter personage has only to do with the *business* of the concern, not the paper for the paper.

Hear another: "Mr. Rand. You will oblige me by requesting Br. Peirce to send me two dozen *Hymn Books*, 24mo." Now that letter had no business here, at No. 7; it should have gone to No. 5. Another complains because so much space is devoted to advertisements, and another because of so much ship-news; he lives at the foot of the White Hills. Another, because there is not more, and he lives on Cape Cod. Poor man!—the agent I mean—he gets many of the blows intended for the editor, but really unjustly dealt to either. Hark! he groans, "O for a lodge in some vast wilderness."

But these are but a part of the "ills the agent is heir to," but he is a man of great patience; and altogether no one could manage better than he does,—and I am sure hereafter, when you take up the welcome *Herald*, you will think of this long, lean, sharp pointed, gray eyed, active man kindly, and will say in your heart, "bless, you—may your shadow never grow shorter."

On your left in that corner is the little room of the *Editor*—rap, rap, no answer; he is not in, and we must postpone an introduction to him until next week; in the meantime you can jump on to the cars and depart, and "the man about town" will give you due notice of our next interview. M. T.

HOWARD AND THE KING'S COURIER.

It will be remembered by the historical reader, that the sword of Frederick the Great then ruled in Prussia. The soldier prince, aware of the great political importance of rapid inter-communications, had established a system of couriers, who traversed the kingdom in all directions on the king's business, with matchless celerity; a celerity, however, procured at the price of much inconvenience to the king's lieges. These messengers, wearing the royal color, commanded and compelled the assistance of all persons whom they met on the great highways. The will of the monarch was known, and a Prussian would as soon have thought of bearding heaven as throwing an obstacle in the way of one of his fleet couriers.

But Howard was not a subject of Frederick, nor was he a courier either through hope or fear.

The incident referred to is thus narrated by Dr. Aiken: "Travelling in the King of Prussia's dominions, he came to a very narrow piece of road admitting only one carriage, where it was enjoined on all postillions entering at each end to blow their horns by way of notice. His did so; but, after proceeding a good way, they met a courier traveling on the King's

business, who had neglected this precaution. The courier ordered Mr. Howard's postillions to turn back; but Mr. Howard remonstrated that he had complied with the rule, while the other had violated it, and he should, therefore, insist on going forward. The courier, relying on his authority, to which in that country everything must give way, made use of high words—but in vain. As neither was disposed to yield, they sat a long time in their respective carriages; at length the courier gave up the point to the sturdy Englishman, who would on no account renounce his rights.—Dixon's Life of Howard.

For the Herald and Journal.

DRS. PARKMAN AND WEBSTER.

Mr. EDITOR:—There appears to be a very strange, unscriptural, and absurd idea in the minds of some of your Boston editors, and perhaps elsewhere, in relation to the exact amount of guilt to be charged upon the supposed murderer of Dr. Parkman. The position assumed by them seems to be that if the murderer was in a *fit of passion*, the *deed is somewhat relieved of its enormity*.

Without attempting to implicate any one in the horrid transaction,* we would simply inquire if the indulgence in one crime lessens the guilt of another which is consequent upon it? Or is the criminal responsible for both?

Suppose a man, habitually negligent of his duties and obligations, is indebted to a poor widow to an amount which if promptly paid would relieve her from suffering. Suppose, though often called upon, he through sheer carelessness neglects to pay the just demand, and that she and her children starve to death in consequence—will his carelessness justify his neglect, and excuse him for the fearful result?

Is the profane man, whose anger excites him to horrid imprecations against Deity, excusable because he is mad? Or is he guilty for both his madness and his blasphemy?—The drunkard, who beats an innocent wife to death, is he innocent?—He is innocent of the crimes of arson, infanticide and murder because he was drunk, and is he guilty of all these *in addition to the crime of drunkenness*?

According to the theory above referred to, one may commit any greater crime and be quite excusable, if he had only committed several smaller ones to prepare him for it. If a sober man, of a peaceable disposition and in a mood of calm reflection, should commit murder, why, it would be a horrid murder indeed; but if a man who is drunk, or in a *fit of passion*, strikes a dagger to the heart of a confiding friend, kills him to the ground, chops his bleeding body in pieces, hides his severed limbs still quivering with life, one here and another there, and burns the thinking head to warn his study while he sits down to plot further his damnable deeds of darkness—why, he is quite innocent!—a tolerable gentleman!! The crime was indeed enormous—but it could not have done it if he had been in his right mind!—but he was instigated by the devil—wrought into a fury of passion, and *therefore*! he must be presumed to be innocent! Thus the very enormity of the crime is made to plead the innocence of the perpetrator!

Wonderful exponents of moral and civil law! Their argument runs thus:—If a good man (?) commit murder he is a consummate devil and ought to be hung; but if a wicked wretch, in a rage of ungovernable passion takes the life of a fellow being he is quite excusable! Henceforth, whatever abominations are enacted—that, robbery, rape, dagger, or other—wicked proceedings against the criminal must be quashed, if he was only drunk or in a *fit of passion*!

In the name of common sense, let us ask if it is "calm," "sober," "pure minded" men are the men who commit crimes? Or, if they do, why should they be punished more severely than those who were more hardened in vice? Was there ever a murderer who was not "possessed" of a hellish disposition? And where is the difference of guilt as to the particular manner in which that disposition was developed—whether in a cool, calculating manner, or in a fit of hellish anger? Why, sir, according to this wretched system of theology and jurisprudence the more completely diabolical the character of a man the less the magnitude of his accumulating crimes! And I do not see but that when a man has become about as bad as the devil himself, his most heinous crimes must be either venial offences or acts of virtue!

We have observed with painful anxiety the tendency manifested of late to avert the punishment justly due to crime by entering the plea of *insanity* for the offender. A poor woman, driven by necessity almost to despair, takes a stick of wood from a wharf in one of our cities to keep her children from freezing to death in a wretched garret, or in one of those chill sepulchres where living poverty is doomed to dwell—and she is summarily punished by a two months' imprisonment in the penitentiary—while the artful villain who has concealed a thousand darker crimes, if one is now brought to light, is immediately discovered to be "in sane!" He has strangled his mother, shot his father, committed a rape, or set fire to a city, and forthwith he is crazy!

The crime is so much worse than that of the poor widow that it is beyond compare; but the *gentleman* must have been insane! And he is acquitted by a misguided jury; or, if justly condemned, he is pardoned by a governor who has never, perhaps, devoted a single hour to an examination of his case, and who holds his office only by the suffrages of such characters as are fit candidates for our State prison. Thus the most rascalous decisions are set aside, and in many instances our courts of justice are made a mere mockery.

Herald and Journal.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1850.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Let us look well to these nurseries of the church. The spiritual declension which has so generally affected all our religious interests for months, has injured not a little our Sunday Schools. Now at the beginning of the year is the appropriate time for each pastor and each church to review the condition of this department of their interests. A good sermon on the subject would be quite appropriate. Three things contribute much to the success of the institution.

1. Frequent visits from the pastor. If he can spend but ten or fifteen minutes in passing through the school, speaking an encouraging word to a teacher, listening to the recitation of a class, or in concluding the exercise with a few remarks and a prayer, it will have great effect.

2. Preparation on the part of the teachers. This is all important, for without it the lessons will lack illustration and interest. The teacher should have a few good books, as Commentaries, Biblical Dictionaries, &c. He should every Sabbath go to the school prepared to give some entertaining explanation, anecdote, &c. Some may not find time for this preparation, but such cases are very few; the teacher who tries the experiment will be surprised to find how little time is requisite for it, and how much interest it affords to his people, and how much profit.

3. Another means of interest is the continual addition of new books to the library. These are teeming from our New York press incessantly. They are beautiful, interesting, and exceedingly cheap; a very small pittance per annum would enable your library to keep pace with the issues of the Depository. Look to this point, pastors and teachers; it has a visible effect on the school to announce ever and anon the accession of new and attractive books.

Above all, pray much for the lamb of the flock. Sunday Schools have achieved untold wonders for Christendom; and yet their legitimate agency and power, we are convinced, have thus far been but partially apprehended by the church. Let us endue them with all possible efficacy, and seek continually that they may be endowed with power on high.

THE ELECTION SERMON.

The ancient and good custom of religious services in the Old South on Election Day, was observed after the organization of the Legislature on Wednesday last. Rev. Mr. Bingham offered the opening prayer. It reminded the audience of "the good old times," in one respect at least, for it was full a quarter of an hour long. The sermon was by President Hitchcock, of Amherst. He took three texts.—Psalms 33: 12—“Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.” Psalm 5: 13—“Therefore my people are gone into captivity, because they have no knowledge.” John 8: 36—“If the Son therefore shall make you free, you shall be free indeed.”

From these passages the preacher proceeded to argue very eloquently that Religion, Education and Liberty, reciprocally support and are essential to each other. They are as the vital centres in the human system, the heart, brain and lungs. He pursued the argument by an appeal.

1. To the nature of the case; nullify either of these great agencies and the others of necessity decay.

2. The Scriptures. Ample quotations were given.

3. History. Illustrations from ancient and modern nations were forcibly presented. The discourse was an hour long; very clear and strong, and spiced with some pungent allusions to the pretentious pretensions of high episcopacy.

BIBLE SOCIETY IN CALIFORNIA.

The Pacific news furnishes the proceedings of a meeting for the formation of the San Francisco Bible Society. During the services of the evening, Mr. Ball, agent of the Parent Society, laid before the meeting the views entertained by the Society, of the importance of the field now open in California, for the circulation of the Scriptures. The meeting was also happily addressed by Frederick Billings, Esq. After choice of officers, a liberal subscription was opened to aid the Society in its operations. It is the design of the Society to establish a depository in San Francisco, where Bibles may be obtained in the various languages spoken by its citizens, and a supply of books for this purpose are now on their way thither.

CHEAP PAPERS.

The project of cheap papers seems to be generally discredited, like the experiment of cheap railroad fares. One of our Presbyterian exchanges mentions the cases of two papers in its region of the country, which were induced to try the cheap plan by reducing their subscription price, both of which, after trial, announced to their subscribers that they shall be compelled to return to their old prices. One states that a handsome addition to its list was not sufficient to make up its losses; and the other, that the experiment has cost its publisher a positive loss of *sixteen hundred dollars*! We hope our denomination will not succumb under the difficulties that beset this important movement, but have the honor of demonstrating its ultimate feasibility. We have a potent agency for the purpose in our ministry. Let us drive it through triumphantly. We are a people who should disdain to go backwards in any good measure.

THE PILGRIM ANNIVERSARY.

Forefathers' day was celebrated with much spirit in New York. The address was delivered by Dr. Bushnell. It is spoken of as an effort of great power and eloquence, unmarred by the wonted affectations of the Doctor's style and theology. Its leading thought was that the Puritans did not, *a priori*, plan the great results of their agency in the new world, but were unconscious of them; and that these results proceeded from their fidelity to their own circumstances—those obvious present duties, leaving consequences to God. It called forth emphatic testimonies of applause, and Gen. Scott is said to have bated the floor well with approval, when the orator urged the supremacy of moral over material means for the advancement of nations. The dinner is said to have been a very fine affair. We learn from the New York Journal of Commerce, that among the magnificent decorations and complicated confections with which the board was adorned, was one piece, entitled “The Red and White Rose of New England.” Side by side stood the little school-house, and the church with its lofty spire, as they stand on many a village green—the one, from foundation to weathercock, as white as paint and the love of the people can make it; the other small, dilapidated, red and rusty, but of an influence neither less powerful nor less extensive, than that exerted by its comelier and more attractive neighbor.

WESLEY'S DEATH BED.

Our readers can see at the Depository, No. 5 Cornhill, a sight worth seeing—a copy of the original English engraving of the Death of Wesley, by Geiger. It is a large and truly magnificent affair. A lot of them have been received at the Depository, and they are retained at the exceedingly low price of \$5.00. This is unquestionably the most splendid engraving ever produced, in illustration of scenes in the history of Methodism. The original English plate has, we understand, been imported; and it is hoped, therefore, that the supply of the engraving will be adequate to the demand. We would recommend our societies generally to procure copies for their parsonages. We have seen severe criticism on Sartain's Mezzotinto copy of this great work; we cannot, however, pronounce a judgment on its comparative excellence till we have seen it.

INAUGURATION OF PRES. ALLEN.

On Monday morning, 31st ult., the new president of Girard College, Professor W. H. Allen, late of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., was duly installed into office. An address, which is spoken of as a master-piece of composition, was delivered by the Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, who successively addressed the audience, the children and the new President. The reply of Professor Allen is said to have been noble and dignified; his address to the children was peculiarly appropriate and affecting. The whole exercises appear to have possessed much interest.

Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM MAINE.

Something about Bowdoinham—Its Chapels—Methodist Church—Its Pastor.—The Prospect—Augusta—Kennebunk.

Mr. EDITOR.—In answer to your query, I recently visited Bowdoinham, a place endeared to me by a thousand associations, and interesting reminiscences of by-gone years.

This town is situated on the West side of Merry Meeting Bay and the Kennebec River, eight miles North of Brunswick, nine miles North by West from Bath, and twenty-two miles South by West from Augusta. It was incorporated in 1762, and now contains about three thousand inhabitants. The village is at the head of navigation on the Cathance River, and is somewhat famous for its ship building, and the enterprise and business tact of its inhabitants.

The town has five meeting-houses, three of which are in the village. Two belong to the Methodists, one to the Baptists, one to the Free Will Baptists, and one to the Methodists, Universalists, and Baptists. The appearance of the village has been much improved during the past season, by the erection of a number of tasteful, and some very handsome houses, and the good taste of the inhabitants. The houses are of various styles, and the streets are well paved.

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Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal.

Science and the Arts.

REMARKABLE ROCK IN LAKE SUPERIOR.—One of the most remarkable Rocks of which we have any knowledge, has lately been discovered in the middle of the inland sea Lake Superior. By a gentleman who has lately returned from Copper Harbor, we learn that a shaft of a timber has been lately been discovered, rising in the lake, for 150 to 200 miles from land, and protruding above the surface of the water a distance of not above four feet. What renders it more extraordinary is, that it stands alone, and all around it is far as examinations have been made, no timber has been reached, or any of the timber used on the lake. The depth of the lake itself does not exceed an area of more than six or seven feet square, and so far as observation of it has extended, it does not enlarge in size as it descends. It is already, he stated, become a source of alarm to the marines who navigate the lake, who take it as a sure sign of danger.

A HARD HIT.—The Albany Dutchman perpetrates the following hard hit at tobacco chewers: "A chemist in New York has just invented a substitute for tobacco, which will doubtless soon supersede the weed, as it is just as nasty and a good deal cheaper."

An Irishman who lived in an attic, being asked what part of the house he occupied, answered—"If the house were turned topsy-turvy, I'd be livin' on the first fl'r."

THE ENGLISH PRESS.—A newspaper in England circulating 10,000 copies daily, has to pay over \$17,000 a year to the Government for stamp duty alone.

NOT TO BE HANGED.—Milton W. Streeter, under sentence of death at the jail at Worcester, has had his punishment commuted by the Governor and Council, to imprisonment for life in the State Prison.

LARGE SALARY.—The salary of Judge Peter H. Burnett, the Governor elect of California, (\$10,000) exceeds the combined salaries of the Governor of Tennessee, Illinois, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Vermont, Wisconsin, Iowa, Rhode Island and Delaware, who receive an aggregate of \$9,083.

In the Island of Japan, it is said, a change in the fashion of dress has not occurred during a period of two thousand five hundred years. Inventive tailors and mantua makers must be scarce there.

The Nantucket Inquirer of 24th inst. contains an alphabetical list of all persons who have left that place for California during the past year, numbering five hundred and ninety-two names.

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Review of the Week.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE CAMBRIA at this port on Sunday morning put us in possession of the details of the latest foreign news. These possess very considerable interest, though they announce not startling events. The position of affairs on the Continent has not materially altered since our last advices. There is still reason to apprehend trouble between Prussia and Austria, and between Turkey and Russia. The Empire of Russia is intimated, awaits only the return of Spring to commence warlike demonstrations against Turkey. The Pope still continues unsettled as to his future course. The last accounts represent the fortifications at Gaeta to be in process, which were not easily obtained. We are anxious to know if the Pope is going back to Rome forthwith; another declares, that he cannot go back, at present, for the lack of money. It seems pretty evident that his holiness dares not yet venture back to the Eternal City. His expulsion from the temporal sovereignty of the Papal States is the result of a long series of events, and it is to be hoped that he will find a refuge in Cleopatra's needle, Pompey's pillar, the Colossus of Rhodes, or any production of ancient or modern art—Detroit Free Press.

A CHEAP FILTER FOR WATER.—A very simple method exists by which any poor family may filter all the water required, viz.—by using a large pan or tub as the tank, and filtering the water (by ascension) through a sponge stuffed into the hole in the bottom of the flowerpots: using two pots—the lower one being half filled with charcoal and loosely covered with this flannel—the upper one placed in it so as to sink the flannel with it, and then secured by a string. Nothing can be more simple or more easily cleaned.

THE COST OF GAS IN LONDON.—The average of gas in London to private consumers is about 8s. 1d. per 1000 cubic feet, equal to 6 1/10d., or say a York shilling per 100 cubic feet. New Yorkers are paying 40 cents for what cost the Londoners 12 1/2 cents! But more than this—a new company has proposed to supply the city of London at 4s. per 1,000 cubic feet, equal to 4 4/5d.; or say 10 cents, per 100 feet—Journal of Commerce.

LARGE PAPER MILL.—The largest paper mill in the world is said to be the great mill at Darwen, in Lancashire, England. It cost 750,000, was worked by five hundred horse power, of steam and water; had nine paper-making machines, besides all necessary tools for the manufacture of a roller of paper 100 feet wide, 1000 feet long, and 1000 feet high. The paper cost \$100,000. Nine years ago this mill yielded a profit of \$60,000 to \$85,000 per annum.

DEATH OF CHARLES LYELL.—This gentleman, who was for so many years Vice-Lieutenant of the county, died at Kinnordy on the 8th ult. Mr. Lyell was educated in the College of St. Andrews, and afterwards in the University of Cambridge, at both of which seats of learning he was eminently distinguished. Having passed into the law, he soon returned to his native country, and became a man of great eminence and appliances of civilized life. The like of this history of emigration and colonization never witnessed before. A wilderness had become inhabited in a day; a place of tents had been turned into a populous and devout city; the alchemy of gold—

The latest accounts from Mexico, however, are that the suppression by Government of a serious insurrection by the friends of Santa Anna—Accounts from Hayti represent the fueling of the blacks as very unfriendly towards the whites, and especially the American republican.

It is evident that threats have been thrown against the life of the Archduke in Austria. The cause can be but little ground to fear any personal violence towards a representative of this Government; yet there is reason to believe that since the establishment of the Imperial government at Hayti, the ruling powers have harbored little love for Republics, especially slave holding ones—Congresses have yet given work to good earthenware.

The present government, however, appointed.

There is a decided democratic preponderance in them, and on the *destitute* committees, the Southern influence also preponderates.—The State Legislatures of Maryland, Penn., N. York, and Massachusetts have adjourned their session during the past week.

We are sorry to hear that during the week, the banks have continued to pay off very little, and borrowers have been driven to the street, where the best banks have been compelled to pay off for six months, and good paper at 12 per cent. Bankers feel the state of things in the money market, and comparatively easy.

But a single firm, a dry goods firm, has given way; and this is the only failure of any importance which has occurred in this city for some time.—The railroads in this vicinity have very generally agreed on a railroad on passenger fares, to the amount of about half a cent on each mile, so that a man and a half and three cents a mile. The policy of this is well supported by many very judicious men. There can be no doubt but an increase of income or a decrease of expenditure is indispensable to the prosperity of many of our roads. It would have been more satisfactory to the public had the attempt to reduce expenses been first made.

It is by no means certain that the increase of fares will increase the income of the roads.—Traveler.

[Mr. Lyell's heir is, we believe, his son, Sir Charles Lyell, the celebrated geologist.]

Gleanings of the Week.

In the Herald of Nov. 14th was an extract giving the weight of a *rebus* raised by Mr. Josiah Judkins; the weight was 10 1/2 pounds; attached to the notice was "heat this who can." Mr. J. Carpenter, of Norwich, Vt., says, "Tell them I have raised one weighing 15 pounds;" this beats it.

We are requested to state that by an act of the Legislature of Maine, passed in 1847, Waterman T. Boynton, of Mercer, had his name changed to Waterman T. Kimball.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—About 2 o'clock, A. M., Jan. 20, a fire broke out in the dwelling-house of Alonzo Gibson, of Ridge, N. H., which, with the dwellings of Mr. Beman and Miss Wetherell, and the out-buildings attached to them was entirely consumed. In attempting to save some of his furniture, Mr. Gibson perished.

CANADA TO BE ABANDONED BY GREAT BRITAIN.—The London United Service Gazette has reasons for boldly announcing that the question of abandoning Canada, as a British colony, has been the most absorbing topic, (with the Cabinet,) and we learn, from authority in which we are apt to place firm reliance, that it has been all but determined to give up Canada, as a dependency of the British Crown.

Canada—A despatch from Montreal dated Tuesday, says that a declaration had just been received from Standard County, with 1200 signatures, in favor of annexation, to the last—yes—of 111. Adjourned to Thursday.

HOUSE.—Numerous documents from Departments were ordered to be printed.

Mr. Vinton of Ohio gave notice of a resolution for apportioning the number of representatives among the States.

Mr. Miller, of Ohio, (Democrat) offered a resolution in favor of abolishing the Home Department. Both had voted.

A resolution was submitted, looking to the establishment of territorial governments, with the slavery prohibition. Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, moved to lay it on the table—lost 95—yes—95. Adjourned to Thursday.

Mr. Stanton, of Kentucky, presented a memorial from Covington, in that state, protesting against a government for Desert, and charging treasonable designs against the United States—referred to a Committee on Territories.

Mr. Stanton, of Tennessee, and others, presented testimonies against the employment of chaplains in the army, the navy, and Congress. Referred to the Judiciary Committee.

The resolution of the States of Missouri and Michigan, on the subject of Slavery, were ordered to be printed.

Mr. Mann, of Pennsylvania, offered a resolution, instructing the Committee on Naval Affairs to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill to abolish flogging in the navy, and substituting other punishments therefor. A debate arising, it was laid over.

The proceedings of Monday as given above, are the first Congressional proceedings which have worn the air of suspense.

Thursday, Jan. 3.—SENATE.—In the Senate, the Clause announced the committee on the census, vis.—Davis, of Mass., Butler, Sturgeon, Underwood, Shields and Dickson.

A resolution was offered calling for information respecting the removal of postmasters, which was laid over.

Mr. Cass, said he should, tomorrow, call up his resolution in relation to non-intercourse with Austria. Mr. Foote gave notice that he should call up his territorial resolution on Monday.

Mr. Atchison offered a resolution favoring the Missouri Compromise. Mr. Cass made an elaborate speech against the resolution; and when the Senate had an executive session, and adjourned till to-morrow.

In the House, Mr. Cass, was requested to present a memorial from the inhabitants of Deseret, asking the admission of Mr. Babitt as a member of the House. Mr. Stephens, of Ga., objected. Mr. Baker presented the credentials of Mr. Smith, the delegate from Santa Fe—objected to. The House then proceeded to ballot for clerk, but without success. After three ballots the House adjourned till to-morrow.

SENATE, Jan. 4.—In the Senate, Mr. Cass called up his bill for non-intercourse with Austria. He said in support of the same that Trieste was the only port in Austria, and that a consul was sufficient there. The course of Austria towards Hungary was atrocious. He congratulated the country on the co-operation of Mr. Webster and solicited the support of Mr. Clay. He said it was time that we had advanced non-intervention with European monarchies. Mr. Cass, in his speech on the Hungarian war, said the attacks on Hungary had been made in violation of the laws of nations, were against the spirit of the age, and were marked by wanton and cruel bloodshed.

In the House, on motion of Mr. Hampton, further proceedings in regard to the election of clerk, were postponed till Monday, by one majority.

HERALD BUSINESS.

OUR BILLS.

Are now all sent out. We have taken great pains to get every one concerned in possession of his account. If, however, any one fails to receive the requisite information, let him write us, and we will furnish it.

Agents are busily exerting themselves in collecting old debts, taking special pains to inform us of all delinquent subscribers, who will not pay, that we may strike such from our list. Be sure to account the debts to us by those who have discontinued. Our debts must be paid, and thus we cannot do unless our patrons will make it.

We also want to have **TWO THOUSAND OR MORE NEW SUBSCRIBERS** to our paper. We wish to come once, Please, therefore,

1. Make your returns as soon as possible. Don't wait to finish up before you report, but let us get the business on our part.

2. Let us have **wholly distinct** from communications.

Letters should be written so that the business can be separated from the other, and filed away by itself.

C. H. PEIRCE, Agent, 5 Cornhill.

POST OFFICE STAMPS.

Please send us the 5 cent stamp, as we can use them more readily.

HOW AGENTS MAY SEND MONEY.

1. When you have but one subscriber to you, can you return your commission, and send the remaining \$1.25, without extra postage.

2. Where you have a considerable sum in your hands, send the *extra dollars*, and let us charge you with the change.

3. In many places, Post Office Stamps may be procured, and the same amount may be enclosed; these being the same to us as the coin.

4. In case of *two* subscribers, send the change.

5. In case of *three* subscribers, send the change.

6. In case of *four* subscribers, send the change.

7. In case of *five* subscribers, send the change.

8. In case of *six* subscribers, send the change.

9. In case of *seven* subscribers, send the change.

10. In case of *eight* subscribers, send the change.

11. In case of *nine* subscribers, send the change.

12. In case of *ten* subscribers, send the change.

13. In case of *eleven* subscribers, send the change.

14. In case of *twelve* subscribers, send the change.

15. In case of *thirteen* subscribers, send the change.

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17. In case of *fifteen* subscribers, send the change.

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21. In case of *nineteen* subscribers, send the change.

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40. In case of *thirty-eight* subscribers, send the change

TUBAL CAIN.

BY CHARLES MACAY.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young,
By the fierce red light of his furnace fire,
The strokes of his hammer rang;
And he lifted his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear;
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear,
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handwork!"
Hurrah for the hand that wields them well,
For he shall be king and lord!

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his desire.
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shone loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest tree.
And they sang "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!"
Who has given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, and hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain,
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind—
That the land was fed by the blood they shed,
And their lust for carnage blind;
And he said, "Alas! that ever I had made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and sword for men, whose joy
Is to slay their fellow man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woes—
And his hand forebore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low;
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong arm for the work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he said, "Hurrah for my handwork!"
And the fire sparks lit the sky;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.
And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, and the spear on the wall,
And ploughed with willing hands;
And sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!"
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough,
To him our prize shall be.
But while oppression lies its hand,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword!"

LADIES.

From the Christian Parler Magazine.
THE LAND OF THY CHOICE.
FROM THE GERMAN OF PROF. HENGSTENBERG, OF BERLIN.
BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

A distinguished man in a large city died. During his illness his friends had merely said; that he was "a little unwell"; and a few moments before the death-stroke the doctor observed to the nurse, in a decorous whisper, "His appearance does not please me." The man himself had been so completely deceived, as to the fatal nature of his disease, that it was only when he felt the hand of death upon him, that he started, and said, "I believe I am dangerously sick." A moment after, with a sudden horror, the thought thrilled through his soul, "Thou art dying." He struggled for a few moments—then all grew dark, and he sunk into an insensibility, which he supposed to be the commencement of annihilation. His friends stood horror-stricken and stupefied; and, now and then, ventured to speak of his death.

* * * * *

The night winds in the lonely church-yard sighed heavily over the fresh grave mound of the departed; and above it, wavering in the moon-beam, a shadowy form seemed slowly and gradually disengaging itself from the earth. It was the soul of the dead, now breaking itself loose from its earthly tenement, as the butterfly frees itself from its withered and useless shell.

"And am I then still living," sighed the departed, "and is there, what I never believed, a life after death? But how cold, how dreary is this solitude? Whither shall I go?" Here the cheerful voices of some travelers, who were passing by the grave-yard into the city, struck upon his ears, and stretching his arms towards them, in an imploring tone, he besought them to take him with them into the city; but he perceived that they neither heard nor saw him.

"Ah! I see how it is," he said; "I am no longer able to hold communion with living men. I am forever separated from the warm and breathing forms with whom I have hitherto lived. Whither then shall I go? Who will guide me in this cold and lonely world which I have entered?"

As he spoke these words an angel form swept downward from the skies and approached him; his figure was glorious, and his face marked with a strong, benevolent, yet somewhat sorrowful expression.

"Son of Adam," said he, "thy connection with life is over. Thy Creator hath placed thee in the territory of the spiritual world. To what part of it dost thou now desire to be led?"

At first the spirit seemed overawed by this address, but striving to recover himself, he replied:

"You treat me with more consideration than I had reason to expect, in the event of thy coming into such a life as this. In my past existence, priests were wont to threaten hell and eternal torments to people of my habits of life and turn of thinking. I am now glad that I could see farther through the subject than they, and that I always treated their threats with contempt. But as you ask me whether I would go, I say, let me remain in this world, as here are all the things in which I have ever taken any interest."

"You forget," replied the angel, "that there can no longer hold any communion with men, or partake in any of their modes of life and enjoyment."

"Ah! too true," replied the dead, "I should be only a forlorn wanderer among the scenes of former pleasures; and could I reveal myself to my friends I should be only an object of terror. Well, take me then into the better land with you!"

"The better land," replied the angel, seriously, "is large and wide. In my father's house are many mansions. To which of these would you be led?"

"To the most perfect of all, good angel," replied the departed.

"The most perfect," replied the angel, "is where God unveils his face—where Jesus is surrounded by the spirits of the just made perfect—where praises and hallelujahs to God and the Lamb are continually resounding."

The countenance of the departed expressed a feeling of ill-repressed disgust, as he answered:

"Is there no other place but that, good angel? I never liked to hear about Jesus Christ, and I am sure it would be very repugnant to my feel-

ings to be anywhere in his presence; and as to all this psalm-singing and pietistic jargon, I always had the utmost contempt for it, and do not find the least disposition to conform to it now. But bring me into the society of intellectual men, of philosophers and men of learning."

"There is no learning in this world but the study of God and of Jesus, as seen in all the multiplied forms of creation. If it displeases you to hear of Jesus, there is nothing that you can investigate here with any pleasure, for in him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and all things are by him, and for him, and he is before all things, and by him all things do consist."

"But then, if I cannot associate with your learned men," replied the departed, "bring me, at least, to the society of artists; for I have spent much of my life in the contemplation of the fine arts, and always found in them the greatest enjoyment. I think I am fitted for company of this sort."

"It is true there is such society here," replied the angel, "but the object of all art is to shadow forth, and express, by new images, the Divine beauty and grandeur, as it appears in all his works; but most of all it is reflected from the face of Jesus Christ. If you can take an eternal delight in such exercises of the creative power, come with me."

"No, no," replied the dead, angrily, and shrinking back from the touch of the angel, "are these same ideas to haunt me everywhere? Take me to the society of the polite, the refined, the courteous; to such society, in short, as I have been accustomed to on earth."

"And what is refinement, but purity?" replied the angel. "Those whom you seek, are these same ones who stand with uncovered heart, beneath the eye of God, yet look up to his face without a fear; in whose bosoms every passing thought may be read, yet not a blush rise to the cheek, or one shrinking feeling lead them to draw away from God, or each other. If, with unveiled heart, you too can be happy among these, ascend with me."

"For Heaven's sake, no," replied the dead, with a mixture of terror and anger. "What! have all my thoughts seen!—my heart forever unsealed!—a fine eternity that would be for me!" and he laughed in a bitter, derisive tone.

"You must know—you must see," he suddenly added, "how you mock me, by presenting at every turn these same ideas. You know I always hated and disliked all these images and associations; my whole life has been an effort to keep them out of sight; and do you suppose I can change in a moment so as to take pleasure in them?"

"I only tell you what is," replied the angel, in a grave and steady tone, "and again I ask, if all these things displease you, whether would you go?"

"Take me to those who feel and think as I do," rejoined the departed.

"You exile yourself from all good, in saying so," sighed the angel; "nevertheless, come with me."

Then, as with broad wing the angel swept upward, they came near to a fair golden star, where might be seen forms of unearthly beauty passing to and fro; and as they passed, they seemed to be communing in an earnest and loving manner, or singing hymns in a sweet, mild, full-hearted joyfulness; and though there were many different voices, yet there was no discord, but all blended together in a calm and soothed harmony. But the spirit of the dead rebounded back from the sphere of the star, as by some natural repulsion, and passed downward into a shadowy region. And now they drew near to another world, where were forms of men, walking slowly and conversing with each other, and ever and anon they looked upward with an earnest and imploring expression.

"In this world," said the angel, "are those who never fully in their life received the offer of the Gospel by Jesus, but who died with a longing after truth, and an undeveloped germ of good in their souls. Here, by prayer and by searching, this germ is unfolded, till they ascend to the presence of God."

"Nay," said the dead, "this is not the place I am in quest of. I supposed here I should find an army of churches and priests, all in array to make a proselyte of me. No, let me go where these things are never heard of."

"Then go," replied the angel, "to thine own place;" and with these words the spirit of the departed sunk to a gloomy region that lay far below. The angel followed him not, but stood above. He then found himself joined by two ill-looking figures, one of whom, laying hold of him roughly, saluted him by a vile name, that reminded him of the sins of his youth.

"How is this?" he exclaimed. "Where am I now? Are there no laws here?—no police to protect me from abuse?"

The angel from above answered, "That police which you found so convenient in the world you have forsaken, owed all its efficiency to that moral sentiment inspired by the religion of Christ, which you say you always despised. You wished to be where nothing of the sort existed, and your wish is granted. This is a world where no relic of any of those restraints, which come from God in any shape remain—where there is no trace of any kind of virtue that had its origin in his laws and institutions. All that can be expected from the association of Rev. Mr. Summersides. May his tireless efforts, and those of his worthy consort result in the great advancement of religion in this region. Rev. Mr. Richardson, a clergyman of the Congregational Church, labored several years in Gilead, but has recently left, so that there exists a great demand for more ministerial labor. Here is a house of worship, owned, I think, only by the Methodists, now, of course, unoccupied most of the time."

The early settlers in this region were greatly annoyed by the Indians, who at one time carried away several into Canada, besides taking the lives of some half dozen, I think. On this occasion, having conducted their prisoners some distance, the Indians told one Mr. Twitchell that he might return, at the same time charging him to follow the path in which they had come at the peril of his life; but soon after leaving them he took another route, and by this means probably escaped those who waited behind in ambush to take his life, who probably thought it a matter of economy to carry a scalp, than feed and guard a living man, as beside him they had enough to carry the burdens, their reward being the same. How base the power that could "stoop to conquer" by such mercenaries! Our land is dotted with graves, the marks of this ruthless policy, but the tears occasioned by it, and the sighs and groans, are treasured up.

To be remembered when the final doom shall break the shambles of that nation's tomb.

Leaving Gilead we enter Shelburne, in the State of New Hampshire, bearing the same general features as the town below; the interval, however, is more extensive, and the hills more generally covered with forests. Here we find a village presenting a most picturesque appearance, nestled among the hills. The church in this place at present is mostly unoccupied.

"Nay," replied the angel, "is it not meet that the beautiful mansions of my Father's house should be inhabited by his children, who love his presence and enjoy his smile? Because thou canst not bear him and them; because all that thou findest there is disgusting and painful to thee, therefore is that thou art compelled to seek this outer darkness. According to the character of the soul, so doth the material world form itself around it. Around the pure and peaceful spirit, pure and peaceful skies arise; around the lovely and the good, forms of loveliness and beauty are constantly springing; but around the dark-minded, and impure, and passionate, dark and stormy clouds forever arise; for the world without must forever image the world within. Such is the immutable law; and does it not seem to thee to be just?"

"It may be," murmured the dead angel, "but these vile forms around me, are these my equals?"

"They are so," replied the angel. "He who first dressed you was indeed a low and coarse voluptuary; thou was a polished and refined one; but still ye were both of the same order; and the artificial distinctions which separated you in yonder world no longer exist."

"And how long," rejoined the spirit, angrily, "is this to be my residence?"

"Till thou canst love God, whom thou now hatest; till thou canst fall in repentance and submission at the feet of Jesus; till thy heart beats with the heart of the blessed—not till then."

For the Herald and Journal.

SORROWS OF CHILDHOOD.

They called me oft a helpless child,
And sometimes with reproving look
They made me curb my spirits wild.

Full many a lecture grave I took,
But all in vain; it seemed that fate
Designed me for a reprobate.

I'm sure I did not mean to sin,
I sorrowed when the deed was done,
Yet somehow I was always in

Disgrace for childish freaks of fun.
Was it my fault that mirth and glee
A chosen friend had made of me?

At school alas! on some rude log
All day I sat in sulken state;
While ruthless Mr. Pedagogue

For token of remorse would wait.
Could I my penitence disclose,
With nippers on my broken nose?

When others sinned (with conscience blank)
To my account they placed the wrong;
I was the mainspring of each prank,

The scapegoat of the youthful throng.
No master when they chanced to do,
They always said, "she told me to."

Somehow they always made me think
Of father Adam at the fall,
Who, though his sin was black as ink,

Upon the woman laid it all;
And while his guilt and shame he knew,
He only said "she told me to."

HARMONY.

For the Herald and Journal.

LETTER FROM MAINE.

Androscoggin—Gander Corner—Gilead—Indian Ame-
dote—Shelburne—Gorham—Berlin—Railroad—Milan—
A Revival—Incidents.

Fryeburg, Dec. 17, 1849.

DEAR BRO. STEVENS.—I suppose that by this year you have forgotten your quondam correspondent, in the luxury afforded by your present able corps of writers, but you will doubtless excuse the liberty with which we stir up your pure mind by way of remembrance.

Many of your readers are doubtless unacquainted with the valley of the Androscoggin, in regions towards its source, and to them a brief sketch of its scenery may not be uninteresting.

Leaving Bethel Hill, which is a pleasantly situated and flourishing village, in passing up the stream about three miles we come to a small village in the town of Bethel, called "Gander Corner;" where is a store, tavern, one or more mechanics' shops, with several dwelling-houses. We next come to the town of Gilead. This town contains much interval of the very best quality, and many valuable farms, but this is all bounded together in a calm and soothed harmony. But the spirit of the dead rebounded back from the sphere of the star, as by some natural repulsion, and passed downward into a shadowy region. And now they drew near to another world, where were forms of men, walking slowly and conversing with each other, and ever and anon they looked upward with an earnest and imploring expression.

"In this world," said the angel, "are those who never fully in their life received the offer of the Gospel by Jesus, but who died with a longing after truth, and an undeveloped germ of good in their souls. Here, by prayer and by searching, this germ is unfolded, till they ascend to the presence of God."

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Bro. Orrin Clark met the last enemy, aged 30 years and 5 months. He has left a disconsolate widow with whom he had lived eleven happy months only, an aged, infirm father, an only brother, now the sole prop of that afflicted family, and three widowed sisters to mourn his loss. Bro. C. was an exemplary, *faithful servant* of God for about ten happy years. He was a great blessing to his friends in their many afflictions, and to his enemies in their trials; and though he had advanced in years, he was still a young man, full of energy and vigor. He had a kind heart, and was hardy and勇敢. A number of young men, with young ladies had assembled at Mr. C. for a singing and social entertainment, immediately ran to the fatal spot, but the silence of death was there. Only the lanterns were seen as it lay burning on the ice near a large broken opening where the three found a watery grave, with none to tell the solemn tale. The horse was drowned. A boat having been procured, soon the body of the woman was found partly floating on the water. Mr. C. was not present when the body was found, but soon after he was found to be dead. After his sight was gone, and every breath was a long groan, and having scarcely spoken above a whisper for six months, he sung aloud the stanza,

"There is a hour of peaceful rest,
To mourn wandering given," &c.

These present felt that God was there. His last words were, "How bright! how glorious!"

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